

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Peter's Adventures

In Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

WOMAN'S DIVINE INSTINCT.

XLIII.

WHAT a wonderfully fine, wholesome sort of girl Edna Merton is! I exclaimed one night to Mary. "She's so busy and cheerful, and always ready with a smile for everybody. I wonder some enterprising man hasn't had sufficient foresight to see what excellent marital timber there is in Edna and marry her."

"Edna," said my wife, "is not the sort of girl men like."

"Just that sort of girl," I begged caressingly. "do men like?"

"Oh," said Mary airily, patting her lovely hair with a smile of the utmost satisfaction, "pretty ones."

"Men certainly are fools," I exclaimed, nettled by her manner. "I believe that the best potential wives are the ones that never marry."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mary, wide-eyed. I distrust that wide-eyed, ingenuous glance of Mary's. It's too sophisticated to be accidental. Mary's eyes are large and beautiful, and she knows just how to look beautiful whenever she has a chance to look astonished.

"Well," said I, "take Edna, for instance. She knows how to run a house, she's mothered all her brothers and sisters, she loves children, she has a great, big splendid nature, but just because Fate didn't give her a Cupid's bow for a mouth and distracting eyes all the young chaps pass her by and make for the silly, giggling chitron brigade who look pretty and know nothing at all."

"Peter," exclaimed Mary indignantly, "I do think you say the most horribly cynical things at times. Just because a girl is pretty isn't a sure argument against her knowing anything. But the fact remains—the honest ones always seem to know the most."

"I once knew a dear old-fashioned,

kindly sort of man. I went on reminiscences. And one time, I remember very well watching him pore over his wife's fashion book. He studied each face and figure so intently that I wondered what he was so tremendously interested in. It didn't seem to be fashionable clothes especially, and presently I asked him, 'Well,' he said quietly, every Sunday morning when there's a new fashion book, I glance over it and study the faces, and do you know what I'm usually wondering? Just which of those girls would make the best mothers! Which of them would be kind and patient and rear strong, fine lads and sunny-hearted girls to start the world off afresh with new hearts, new energy, and new optimism. I often thought of what he said. That's the look I like to see in a girl's face. Mary and that's the look in Edna's face."

Mary reddened uncomfortably.

"It is that look in my face, Peter," she demanded.

"How could I answer? I have never seen Mary voluntarily offer kindness or caresses to a little child. Not that she doesn't always speak kindly to them, but she's casual and indifferent. A child doesn't seem to grip her heart-strings like it does the heart-strings of a woman who has the divine maternal instinct born in her."

Isn't it hard to believe that there are women without maternal instinct? Yet there are—plenty of them. Some find it awaking only when their children are born—some never give it a chance to assert itself—some, like Edna Merton, have the great, strong flood tide of it pulsing powerfully in their veins by natural gift. Such as Edna, I take it, are real women as God in his scheme of things intended women to be. In this effete civilization the maternal instinct is pining. Thank God, there are still women with brains and philosophy enough to give it a chance to develop when it doesn't assert itself strongly of its own accord.

But why don't men see the worth of a girl like Edna Merton?

(Copyright, 1914, Newspaper Feature Service.)

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

ROLY AND THE VIOLIN.

ONE very hot sultry day old Deacon Brown, a fine old gentleman cat who had been in Tabbyland longer than any one else, was coming down the big road, to the home of the Tabby family.

He was all dressed in black, had on a tall black hat, and under his arm he carried a violin, in a black cloth case. Every once in a while he would stop and taking out his handkerchief, wipe his face. Then he would sit by the road for a minute. Indeed, it was one of the worst days he had ever known in Tabbyland.

At the Tabby house, everyone was very warm too. The kiddies lay out under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

learn a lesson to keep her from interfering. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

learn a lesson to keep her from interfering. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a



changed. She heard the Deacon coming. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

learn a lesson to keep her from interfering. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

changed. She heard the Deacon coming. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

changed. She heard the Deacon coming. None of the children were under the trees trying to be very quiet and keep cool; there were five of them counting Ted, the new kitty boy, but early in the afternoon others had come. Roly and Poly, the two pups, and Fannie and Toby Hicks were there, and even Mrs. Hicks had come over and was sitting on the porch with Mrs. Tabby.

Tommy Tabby was lying flat on his stomach, and trying to tickle a

America's Music Opportunity Comes As War Isolates Europe's Artists

JAN KUBELIK.

LEO SLEZAK.

MARIO SAMMARCO.



ABOVE—RUDOLF BERGER AND KARL MUCK. BELOW—FRITZ KREISLER.

Aspiring American Signers May Now Be Given Development and Appreciation by American Audiences—Musical Europe Paralyzed by War.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

European musical life is paralyzed by the war. Whether it be of long or short duration, the war will effectively disorganize, and lay waste the long efforts and tedious work of many years.

The greatest songbirds of the age are not exempt from duty. Caruso, Amato, and Scotti are but a few of the names of musical celebrities who may be called upon to serve their country, if Italy goes to war, as now seems inevitable.

America, stripped of the aid of Europe in matters musical, is given the opportunity for which she has long been eager—that of supplying her own artists, her own teachers, and a distinct and separate musical existence.

The much discussed question—"Shall I go abroad to study," is settled for perhaps many years to come. In the meantime—what will America do? Her opportunity lies in the palm of her hand.

Not only is the other side cut off, as a means of study, but as a means of supply. Hundreds of aspiring young American singers will now be given the chance to be taught by American teachers, hired by American companies, and appreciated by American audiences.

Italy's Decision Momentous.

The arts are the growth of peace and prosperity. Naturally, they are the first to suffer in time of war, and the news that the musical world of today is to be shorn of its brightest male stars is but one of the unkindest injustices of such a conflict as is today being waged across the sea.

Upon the decision of Italy lies the fate of a large percentage of the male artists employed by the Metropolitan, Boston, and Chicago grand opera companies. Should the decision be made to go to war, the conflict as it is today being waged across the sea.

A few—just a few—of the names of those who will lose, some certain, some as yet in doubt, will give an idea of the devastation which will occur in the rank and file of German, Austrian, Russian, French, and other foreign musical circles which have heretofore been our source of supply and our stamping grounds for students.

It is practically certain that should Italy become involved, Director Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan grand opera company, who is a civil engineer, will be called to duty. Nor is it at all beyond the bounds of possibility that Caruso, Amato, Scotti, and Conductor Toscanini will be drafted. That many of the German and French members of the company are already in the field is well known.

Lucien Muratore and Charles Dalmores, French artists, are eligible. Titta Ruffo, the young Italian who

LEFT TO RIGHT—LEOPOLD GODOWSKY AND SCOTTI.

but their fate is by no means certain.

Alma Gluck and Erem Zimballist are with Mrs. Sembrich in Switzerland, a country which stands in momentary danger of being laid waste. Olga Samarat, wife of her husband, Leopold Stokowski, is in Munich. It is understood that Gertrude Farrar, who has just returned from a tour in Switzerland, is in London. Frieda Hempel is in Switzerland.

The opportunity for which America has waited has arrived. The devastating influence of the Old World, overshadowing, congesting, and completely stifling by its very excellence, our own endeavors at a beginning in a musical sense, are swept away.

Whether the conflict be of long or short duration, the result will be largely the same—paralyzation of musical life on the other side and little or no foreign competition here in America.

Not many months ago, following the alleged statement that American girls and students in Germany, especially in Berlin, were led into immorality, a distasteful, but most significant question was discussed and debated in the United States. The morals of the young people studying in Europe were discussed and pro and con, but the argument that America was a good enough place for any musical study was the inevitable result of a decision whether for or against the foreign musical student.

The whole thing led to a critical examination of our musical life, its capabilities, and its opportunities. Invariably those involved in the discussion came to the same conclusion—America did teach, train, and supply her own musical talent adequately, the foreigners were chosen first and given preference by the conductors, managers, and even by the audiences themselves.

The snobbery of "made in Germany," the old fascination of the foreign label has even penetrated our American musical life.

But when we can't get the good foreign label, when we are going to be thrown back upon ourselves, when our geniuses, our musical marvels, there is nothing left for a music hungry public to do but turn a bored eye upon the schools, conservatories, and musical centers of our own country.

Willy nilly, America in more senses than one, is now going to "see the Rockies first."

Padewski is in retreat at Morges. Josef Hoffmann, de Pachmann, and Leopold Godowsky may not serve.

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

The Drink That Links Health With Sociability

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Self-Destruction is Impossible to Sane Minds

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins). Then Brown he read a paper and he reconstructed there From those same bones an animal that was extremely rare.

And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules.

Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

RET HART'S amusing satire on the professor's great discovery of an extinct animal does not say whether or not the mule butted out its own brains. But the fact is that any animal, human or brute, that would try self-destruction would have few brains to butt out.

Physiologically, no matter how morose or blue you may be, it is actually impossible to take your own life if you are well and sound. The impetus given by nature to living things is so strong, the inertia of life is so huge, that nothing short of complete physical confusion and structural disorder will impel a man to commit self-murder.

This too solid flesh must, indeed, melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew before the instinct to live can be altered, abbreviated or deformed. Anything with a tendency to break your physical equilibrium, any long illness that may curtail your stability, any injury or invasion of your well-poised anatomy may throw the scales of intellectual health and will power upon the down grade.

Suicide is then, and only then, possible. As long as the tissues retain their recuperative capacity, no matter how much you might think about self-slaughter, your hand will be staid by an ensemble of healthful organs.

Another misconception about suicide is that "only cowards can commit the deed." On the contrary, no coward in his good senses can do any such thing. The vital spark which makes self-preservation the first law of nature disappears on the occasion of our own death.

Rashness over and beyond the frontiers of sane senses and firm flesh may lead to self-destruction. Mania, delirium from alcohol, physical distress and the poisons of certain loathsome maladies delicate states warp the leaden strings of instinct and reason. Then only come such calamitous crashes as suicide.

Paranoia and a few other types of the incurable insane often conceal the delusion which ultimately drive some of them to murder or to suicide.

Most of those, however, with unrecog-nized hallucinations, delusions, and lunacies, manifest their defective psyches by constantly threatening to do away with themselves. Whenever you hear an apparently sane and sane person talk even jestingly of possible suicide, if you love him or her set a close watch upon him for the rest of his natural days. Sanity may be seemingly certain in every other way; he or she may even be intelligent, well educated, and well educated. Nevertheless, if any mention is ever made of suicide, be on guard forever afterward to save such a victim from his obsession. Remember, no perfectly sane person can either watch or carry out suicidal thoughts.

(Copyright, 1914, Newspaper Feature Service.)

Answers to Health Questions

Mrs. R.—What is the cause and cure for black spots floating before the eyes? At times, near-sighted eyes, eyes that are "astigmatic," and defects of eye muscles cause this. You should wear glasses constantly. At times the spots are in the juices of the eyes. A tonic often helps.

A Reader—What can I do for running ear which has troubled me since I had a gripper? As ear like this should be treated by a specialist every day. If trifled with it may lead to deafness.

M. C.—What will remove warts from my hands? Bathe the warts in hot vinegar two or three times a day and point colloid on them at night. To one ounce of colloid there should be added 10 grains of salicylic acid.

D. C.—Will you kindly give me three foods that contain phosphates? All vegetables contain phosphates at times and in varying amounts.

F. B. R.—I have white waxes spots on neck, arms, and hands. Some people have told me it was anemia. What is cause and cure? Eat more green vegetables and meats.

Marie Washington—Is tennis injurious to a woman's health? At the end of a set I find myself all flushed. The more exercise you take the better it is for you. After you get used to it you will not notice these pains. It is the quick moving that causes this.

LOCAL MENTION.

F. F. V. Lunch, 1008 Pa. Ave., is giving patron tickets Virginia Tea. That's all.

Always Looking to the Future

Whenever any person buys a piece of furniture from us we remember that some day that person will likely need more.

We remember that every piece of Furniture we sell stands in some home as a recommendation for or against our firm.

For these reasons we give our customers every particle of value their money could possibly buy, to insure their future patronage.

An open account, with easy terms, enables them to afford the class of goods we sell.

Peter Grogan AND SONS CO.

Our Credit Accommodation Brings Home Comfort.

817 to 823 Seventh Street

The Ability of Many a Good Bread Baker

—amounts to nothing more than a proper appreciation of the superior excellence of CREAM BLEND FLOUR.

Don't place too much dependence in your skill. Remember that the REAL foundation of having success is good flour, and that the BEST flour is

Cream Blend FLOUR

AT YOUR GROCER'S

B. B. Earnshaw & Bro.

Wholesalers, 1106, 1107, 1108 1110 St. St.

Electric Laundry Irons

National Electrical Supply Co.

1325-1330 N.Y.Ave. Phone M. 6800.